

Editor

THE Yeoman remarks that the
 Ponticello correspondent of the Son-
 netter Reporter suggests the name of
 J. S. Christman, for Congress,
 that correspondent is evidently be-
 hind the times. Mr. Christman has
 not suggested the thing himself for
 the last six months.

OVER ENTHUSIASTIC.
 Born, on the 24th inst., to the wife of
 Alea Luak, Esq., a son—Francis Murphy,
 weight 10 pounds.

CLOTHING.
 The biggest and best and cheapest lot of
 men's and boy's clothing ever brought to
 Mt. Vernon, at Brinkley's.

NO CREDIT.
 M. F. Brinkley sells his goods for cash

Such enterprises as this deserve to meet with success, and we hope the "Tina Hill Coal Company" will prosper. Quito.

Two patient saps, no more,
Out of the dust, the heat and roar
And the wide, populous heaven lies near
Takes and gives and sours manifold,
And a pump of a day of gold."

I. X. L. Cash Store,
Opp. Myera' House.

and carefully attended to.
J. E. BRUCE.
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G. C. & W. F. ABRAHAM,
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A LITTLE HEROINE.

It was a paradox of ours that Jenny's strong point was her weakness. She was a pretty, little thing, as timid as a mouse. She was afraid of thunder, of the dark, of rats, and of spiders. She was afraid of policemen, of being left alone, of getting run over, and she was afraid, especially, of firearms in any shape.

Jenny was any younger brother's wife. Alf need more than any of us, to ridicule her timidity. But I don't know that we liked her any the less for it.

She was a beautiful, tender-hearted child, and simplicity itself. No one could be much annoyed by Jenny. Alf was sincerely sorry, however, that she was so afraid of firearms, for he thought it well that a woman should know how to use a pistol.

Men, he said, consider it desirable to learn how to handle one, yet are no oftener called to protect themselves than women. He considered it a rare and valuable accomplishment in a lady. Yet no urgency could prevail on Jenny to touch one.

"I don't know any thing about revolvers, and I don't want to know," she would say, appealingly, tears of actual distress in her pleading eyes when he scolded, reproaching her with the uselessness of his lessons.

"But I'll get you a pretty little pistol—a mere toy," he said. "Some girls—girls of pluck and courage—would be delighted to be taught the use of and own a nice one, Jenny!"

"I know I'm a dreadful coward, dear. I don't wonder that you don't love me, and prefer girls of more spirit," whimpered Jenny, beginning to cry.

"Oh, well! there, there, there!" soothed soft-hearted Alf.

And then perhaps he would refrain from returning to the attack for nearly a week, for it was hard for him to give up any thing he had set his mind upon doing.

At length he brought home a little revolver, and tried to tempt Jenny into the use of it.

"Oh, please—please excuse me, dear," she cried, so earnestly, that I pitied and interested in her behalf.

"Don't tease her so, Alf. Where is the need of a woman learning to protect herself when she has a husband to protect her?"

"But I should think she would like to use this!" rejoined Alf, rather freely, as he took up the elegant little instrument.

"As Jenny and I never expect to fight a duel, or shoot a bandit at fifty paces, we don't see the fascination as you do," I said, pitying on Jenny's side, for she was looking rather dismal after her scolding.

She loved Alf devotedly, and it wounded her tender soul to have him displeased with her. She stood, with varying color, wishing, no doubt, that the noisy, dangerous things did not so fill her little heart with horrible alarms.

She liked nothing so well as gratifying Alf. Nothing depressed her so much as having him disappointed.

"Oh, I wish I wasn't afraid!" she cried, so pathetically that her husband took sudden pity on her, and caught her up in his arms with a kiss.

"Well, Jenny, I won't plague you any more. I'll try to always be on hand to do your fighting for you," he said.

He put the pistol on the mantelpiece, warning us not to touch it, as it was loaded, and poor little Jenny's relief was evident, for the end of her troubles, in this direction had certainly come.

And then Jenny must needs put on her pink cambric wrapper, "because Lily was so fastidious," and when the hour had been put in exquisite order, and every vase under the roof filled with flowers, Alf drove to the station to meet Miss Fairlee by the eleven o'clock train.

"He must have this wrapper to protect Lily's dress—her traveling costume is always so exquisite," she said, running to the door just as he started.

She called out, "Oh, Alf, why have you taken Black Pete? I fear Lily will be afraid to ride behind him."

My brother had harnessed up a fiery-blooded horse he had just broken—a magnificent creature, whose very whinny Jenny shuddered at, and she would sooner have been taken to drive with a whirlwind.

"Oh, no, she won't. She isn't a little scared like you. Miss Fairlee is a girl of courage!"

"Well, be careful; do be careful, dear Alf!"

"Yes, yes!" he answered lightly, whirling out of the yard.

The station was half a mile away. We could see the train come in across the level, unbroken country, and, sitting on the upper piazza with my brother, I could follow Black Pete along every inch of the white, winding road.

"You will see him coming back when the train is in, and you must tell me he has got Lily, either," called Jenny from her room, where she was putting some hot touches to her dress—placing a white rose at the throat, and another in her hair, I think. "You are so sharp-sighted, you know, and I'm afraid she won't come."

"Chris and Carl will watch. If I don't," I laughed, for Carl, the youngest, was in the special killing army, and his moultache waxed. "You shall be duly informed, my dear."

Soon the train came in, and in a brief time passed the station.

In a moment I could see Alf's carriage turned towards home.

I did not know what frightened the horse then, but the next instant I saw him leap upon his hind feet, and frantically paw the air. Then, in a flash of time, he was tearing madly up the road.

My brothers precipitated themselves to the ground; I think the piazza must have been fifteen feet from the side of the lawn, but they took the leap without a thought.

As for me, being a woman, I could do nothing but tremble, weep, and wring my hands, I thought.

Not so Jenny. She sprang out upon the piazza, and gave one cry—"My baby!"

"Ah, heavens above! The dainty baby-carriage stood at the open roadside, right in the path of the maddened animal, the girl having gone a few steps away to gather some daisies."

It was about a rod from the house, in the direction of the station, and we could see the little, dimpled, white hands tossing in the sunshine, while we knew the terrible horse must reach the little, helpless thing before we could.

But Chris tried frantically to save his pet in the face of hopelessness. I saw him start towards it, shouting wildly.

Then Jenny stood beside me, one little arm extended. There was something in that white, jeweled hand; I did not see what. But a short, sharp explosion told the story.

A scream broke from my lips, and my distended eyes saw the horse fall, and the carriage reel, and then come to a standstill in the middle of the road.

Her aim had been strangely true. The animal had been shot through the heart, it told me afterwards, and his reddest blood pooled in the dusty road.

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